by Susan Whitrow

THE

Work of God

IN A

Dying Maid:

BEING

A short Account of the Deallings of the Lord with one

SUSANNAH WHITROW.

About the Age of Fifteen Years, and Daughter of *Robert Whitrow*, inhabiting in *Covent-Garden*, in the County of *Middlesex.*

Together with her Experimental Confessions to the Power and Work of the Lord God, both in Judgments and Mercy to her Soul.

Published for the Warning and Good of others, who are in the same condition she was in before her Sickness.

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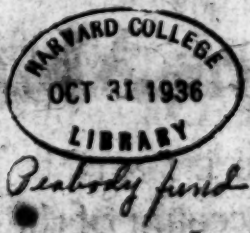

THE Work of God IN A Dying Maid.

FRiends and People, to whom these following Lines may come, these may give you knowledge, that being spoken unto by a Friend, of the State of Sickness, and Wonderful Expressions that were uttered by this Maid now Deceased, made me desirous to see her, and as a Mother fearing God, knowing what Joy it must be to have a Child that had Transgressed, to turn to the Lord with all the Heart, and to find Acceptance with

the Almighty, as I have cauſe to believe ſhe did; for he was with her, and I felt a living Power to opperate in her, that neither her Youth, nor Comlineſs, with any other outward Expectation, that ſhe formerly had or might have of the Glory of this World, left a place in her to deſire any longer Life in this World, but as ſhe had before I came, cryed out againſt her ſelf, for loving and going to theſe Vanities and Pariſh Places of Worſhip; ſo now in my hearing ſhe was much raiſed in her Spirit, in the Senſe of the Joy that ſhe believed ſhe was entring into, praying and praiſing the Lord with a pleaſant Melody, and deſiring alſo that *her Mother might be taken out of this Wicked World:* I felt the Loving-kindneſs of God unto her, and ſhe was brought near to me; the Lord ſhewed me *ſhe muſt Dye*, and being the

the Only Child of her Parents; and having heard this tender-hearted Mother, had buried her Only Son not a Quarter of a Year before, which by relation was an excellent Child for his Years, not being Six and an Half, for Wisdom and Learning, and Outward Comliness a very Beautiful Child, and one of a great Courage, yet of a very tender, sweet, loving Nature, and more than all, in Soberness pursuing of the better part, so I felt and know in these sudden and renewing Trials there was Judgment; and beholding her Mother's Quiet and Patient bearing of it, had this brought to my Remembrance, *That they are blessed that can stand in Judgment*; and none but a Tender Mother can tell what it is to have Hopeful Children so soon taken from them, and see the Lord is Righteous in what he doth; and I that have drunk in-

to this Cup, and a more bitter one, muſt confeſs, *The Lord is Righteous in all, and his Judgments are true, but his Mercies are over all his Works, and his Love Everlaſting, and who lives therein, gives Thanks for all things*; and this appears to me worthy to be known and retained, that ſo Young a Hopeful and Beautiful Maid ſhould be taken off from her Vanity, yet that the Mercy of the Lord ſhould ſo freely extend it ſelf unto her, that ſhe might teſtifie againſt her own, and the World's Vanities and Worſhips; and tho' but in the laſt Hour, the Lord of Goodneſs granted her an Entrance into his Vineyard, and Power ſhe received to magnifie his Juſtice and Mercy, that out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings will perfect his own Praiſe: And ſure I am, the Dealings of the Almighty God with her on her Dying-Bed, was Fore-

warning

warning ſome, and Inſtruction to others, that all might believe, and come to the Obedience of the Life, where all may profit, and be built up unto Eternal Life, over Death and Hell, in the Life of Jeſus our Lord, which is the Deſire of Her that through Grace is a Lover of all your Souls, called

Rebecca Travers

Susanna Whitrow ſickned the *5th* Day of the *3d* Month, 1677. and lay until the *9th* Day, under great Judgment and Terrors of the Lord for Sin and Iniquity, and about Four in the Afternoon ſhe broke forth in exceeding Earneſtneſs, crying to the Lord for *Mercy*, with Wonderful Words, till about three hours, then did the Lord hear her Cries, and anſwered the Deſire of her Soul; and when ſhe had ob-

tained Mercy from the Lord, then did she fall into an exceeding travil in Soul and Spirit, praying mightily to the Lord in the behalf of her Father, and so lay four or five Hours crying earnestly to the Lord for her Father, before we writ down any of her Words. Her Natural Spirits were almost spent before these Words were taken as follow.

'Lord, Remember not his Offen-
'ces, let me bear them, Lord, let
'it be easie to him, Lord, make the
'Way easie; make his Friends to
'be Enemies unto him, that thou
'mayst have Mercy on him: Lord
'his Temptations are great; Lord,
'carry him through, O let him not
'perish with the World; Lord, do
'thou support him over this World:
'Should a little silly Dirt of this
'World draw away his Mind? O
'Lord, satisfie me whether thou
'wilt grant me my Desires: Blessed
'Lord

'Lord, hear me; O Lord, hear me;
'O Lord, let his Mind be set on
'things above; Lord, fix his Mind
'upon thee; Lord, let me never
'rest (unsatisfied) Lord, help him;
'turn him, Lord, and he will be
'turned; Lord, if I leave him be-
'hind me: O Lord, help me; O
'Lord, help him: O Lord, hear
'me; O my Lord, I have not
'strength left; O Lord take him
'to thee; but, Lord, grant me my
'Request: O Lord, help me; Lord,
'take not away my Strength before
'thou hast granted my Desire. O
'Lord, my Desire is not to live in
'this Abominable World: Lord, if
'thou take me not to thy self the
'Tempter will come again: O
'Lord, my Heart can never rest,
'until thou hast turned him to thy
'self: O Lord, must I be taken a-
'way without any Satisfaction? O
'Lord, shall I have no help for my

'Diſtreſs? O Lord, Lord, there is
'no way for him but to Watch and
'Pray continually, leſt the Tempter
'prevail. Lord, are my Sins for-
'given? O Lord, had not my Eyes
'been in thoſe Vanities, my Heart
'had not gone after them: Lord,
'ſtrengthen thou me, but to ſee my
'Deſires: O Lord, can I pray no
'longer? O Lord, how hath my
'Strength failed, and my Heart de-
'cayed? O Lord, let all conſider
'what is this Kingdom: O Lord,
'thou comeſt as a Theif in the
'Night: O Lord, I beſeech thee to
'tell me, if thou haſt granted my
'Deſire? O Lord, thou wilt take
'me: O Lord, muſt I go before my
'deſire be Anſwered? O, muſt I
'go? O, is there no delay? O Lord,
'let me but ſtay to hear an An-
'ſwer. I am very happy that I
'ſhall not live in this Wicked
'World: O Lord, I am going; O

'Lord

'Lord, take me. Then to her Relations, *O why will you keep me so long? I shall be kept longer.*

Robert Whitrow, her Father.
Joan Whitrow, her Mother.
William Nash,
Susanna Meurs, Nurse.

Sarah Ellis her *Testimony* CONCERNING Susanna Whitrow, To her Mother.

A few Words which were expressed by this precious Child in the time of her Illness.

I Not thinking she was so near her End, did not bear in memory as many of her Words as I might have done: I can truly say,

I was much refreshed in seeing the great Work and Power of the Lord upon her, and hearing the precious Words that proceededout of her Mouth: When first I came to see her, she had lain about a Weekill; she seemed to be in much Extremity of Pain, and crying out to the Lord, saying, *O Lord, the Enemy has wounded my Heart, he has wounded my Head, and he has wounded my Hell; Come Lord, I make room, I make room, my Heart is open: O rip me up, and set me in thy Bosome, as thou didst the last Night: O, I feel the Enemy coming in like a Flood; Lord, drive him out.*

Another time I went to visit her, when she was in great Conflict of Spirit and Body, and her Mother withdrew from her, to seek the Lord, leaving her Father by her Bed-side, in which time she uttered little or nothing, but lay

Groaning

Groaning (she would hardly suffer her Mother to be from her, if she could help it) after a while her Mother came again, and she said, *O Mother Cease not, Cease not*, though no one had told her, that her Mother was a praying to the Lord, but only as she had a sence of it in her self; and when her Mother came to her again, she was in a sweet still Frame of Spirit, and cryed out, *Ah! my dear Mother, O my blessed Mother, the Lord has shewed me, my Mother shall have a double Portion of his Spirit, yea, my Mother shall have a double Portion.* This she spoke several times over, with many more precious Words, that are past out of my Mind.

Another time I came to see her, a Day or two before she dyed, and her Countenance was changed, and she looked very sweetly, and lay praising the Lord, saying, *Oh my Saviour,*

Saviour, my bleſſed Saviour.

Another time her Mother went out of the Room, in to the next Room about ſome Buſineſs, and ſhe called earneſtly to her Mother, and ſaid, *Ah! Mother, I had much in my Heart to have ſpoke to thee: Care not for this World; a little will ſerve us, we ſhall not want; the Lord will feed his People as he did* Eliſha *by the* Ravens; *yea, the Lord will feed us as he did* Eliſha. *Sarah Ellis.*

CConcerning that Falſe Report that was raiſed by ſome Envious Perſons, which ſhe formerly kept Company with, hearing of her Change from that Vain Converſation ſhe had formerly lived in, they reported, *That ſhe was in love*, and that *that was the Cauſe of her Diſtemper.* When her Father came home, and had given me a Relation

on of what those Persons had infused into him, although I was satisfied to the contrary, I went to my dear Child, and examined her concerning it, and because I would be clear, of what ever might happen hereafter concerning it, I said unto her, *My dear Child, thy Father and I will give our Consent freely for thee to Marry him, and we will do to the uttermost of our Power for thee, to make thy Life comfortable with him all thy days.* Then she said, 'My 'dear Mother, I thank you; but 'that Man is no more to me than 'one I never saw with my Eyes, 'neither will I ever him, if he had 'all the Possessions of the Earth: It's 'true, there was something betwixt 'us, he being very urgent with me 'upon the account of Marriage, 'proffering to settle a considerable 'Estate on me, and my Father at 'that time being a little harsh to

me,

'me, I thought I would ſet my ſelf
'at Liberty; but upon better Con-
'ſideration, I told him, I would do
'nothing without my Father and
'Mother's Advice, which he was
'unwilling to; in that and ſome o-
'ther things I was diſ-ſatisfied; I
'conſidered, if I ſhould have him, I
'ſhould be ruined; ſo, that ſmall
'Affection I had to him, I with-
'drew; and before I fell ſick this
'laſt time, I did deſire never to ſee
'him more: And now, my Mo-
'ther I am clear of him, and all
'Men living.

'Oh, my bowed down and bro-
ken-hearted Mother! What hath
'been thy Sufferings in this Fami-
'ly? Oh! how haſt thou been op-
'preſſed with our Iniquities? Ah,
'bowed down! Ah! how often haſt
'thou told my Father, *The Lord would viſit him with ſore and grievous Judgment if he did not Repent, and*

turn

turn from the Evil of his Ways? 'Ah! how often haſt thou ſaid, *The Lord would plead thy Righteous Cauſe with us?* 'Now the Day is come, 'thou haſt ſo long warned us of; 'now the Lord is riſen; now the 'Lord is broke in upon us. Oh how 'great hath been thy Care and Pains, 'which thou haſt taken to bring us 'into the Fear of the Lord? Oh, 'thou Bleſſed of the *Lord*! Great 'ſhall be thy Reward, the *Lord* will 'give thee *Beauty* for *Aſhes*, and the 'Garment of *Praiſe* for the Spirit of '*Heavineſs*: Bleſſed be thou my 'Mother. *Her* Mother being at that time Praiſing and Magnifying the Lord; then ſhe ſaid, 'My bleſſ-'ed Mother, now is that Viſion 'fulfiled, which the Lord ſhewed 'thee concerning me, *That my Soul 'ſhould bleſs thee, and thy Soul ſhould 'bleſs the Lord.* Then ſhe broke forth into ſweet Melody, ſinging Praiſes unto the Lord. 'Bleſſed

'Bleſſed are the Poor in Spirit; 'Lord, I am Poor, I am Needy, I 'need thy Strength continually to 'withſtand the Temper. O Lord, 'ſtand by me, move not from me; 'for if thou go, the Tempter will 'come; I will hold the faſt; thou 'art my Saviour; thou ſhalt ſave 'me from the Tempter. My dear 'Mother, ſend for that dear Friend (meaning *R. T.*) that prayed by 'me the other day; ſhe is a preci- 'ous Woman; her Heart is up- 'right before the Lord, the Lord 'hath ſhewed it me; I love her; let 'her pray by me to the Lord a- 'gainſt the Tempter: And ſend for 'that faithful Servant of the Lord '*W. P.* The Lord will hear the 'Prayers of the Faithful; but I have 'been Unfaithful. O, how often 'have I ſinned againſt my Saviour, 'the *Light* in my Conſcience, which 'ſhewed me the Way I ſhould walk in?

'in? O, how often hath he knocked 'at my ſtony Heart, ſaying, *This is 'my bleſſed Truth, which the* Quakers '*Preach, by which all Souls that I 'have made ſhall be ſaved in?* Then 'I have ſaid in my Heart, *After 'ſuch a thing and ſuch a thing is ac-'compliſhed, I will leave off my Life 'of Vanity, and become a new Crea-'ture.* Oh! I was ſhe that truſted 'in *LYING VANITIES*; I 'thought I ſhould have had *LONG 'LIFE*, and then I did intend 'to ſerve the *LORD* in my *OLD 'AGE.*

'Oh! how have I been againſt 'a Woman's ſpeaking in a Meet-'ing? but now, whether it comes 'from Man, Woman or Child, it is 'precious indeed. O that I could be 'with my Mother, the Lord is with 'her, that I might have a little time 'longer, that my dear Mother and I 'might go in the *Country*, and walk

'in

'in a Wood together, that we might 'seek the Lord, and never lay our 'Eyes to-gether till we have found 'him.

Witneſſed by me

Ann Martin

'O Lord, my Strength faileth, 'I wait upon thee, renew 'my Strength: O my holy Lord, 'be pleaſed to reſtore me to my 'former Health, then will I wait 'diligently upon thee; I will ſit on 'the Ground, with my Head in the 'Dunghil; I will never lift up my 'Soul to Vanity; my Heart ſhall 'never go after the Sight of my 'Eyes. My dear Mother, pray for 'me; for whatſoever thou askeſt 'of the Lord, it ſhall be given thee.

'My dear Mother, thou often 'haſt told us of the Terrible and 'Dreadful Day of the *Lord God* that

is

'is at hand; O, it will be a dread-
'ful day to the Wicked of all ſorts,
'the Lord hath ſhewed it me! O
'Wo, Wo, Wo to the Children of
'Scoffers; for as it' was in *Eliſha*'s
'day, ſo ſhall it be in this the day
'of the Lord's Power, the Bears out
'of the Wood ſhall devour them.
And treambling ſhe ſaid, 'O I feel
'thy terrible Power, O God, ſtrike
'Dread, Terror and Aſtoniſhment
'in the Hearts of thy Enemies; 'O
'in all Workers of Iniquity, who
'make a mock at Sin, and a Deri-
'ſion of thy People, and take plea-
'ſure in their abominable Ways,
'which thou abhorreſt; O thou
'wilt make all Fleſh tremble. O,
'my Mother, I have heard God's
'thundering Power rattle, rattle,
'rattle upon the Heads of his E-
'nemies; and the Lord hath ſhew'd
'me he will deſtroy this Place: A
'Wo will be to the Children of
'Pride

'Pride in that day; and Wo, Wo 'will be to the Blind Guides that 'wear the long Robes, the false 'Teachers of this Nation: O did 'not our Blessed Lord say, *If the Blind lead the Blind, both should fall in to the Ditch:* 'Ah Lord! how 'should it be otherwise? for they 'hate the Light, and count it *an in-sufficient thing.* O did not our 'Blessed Saviour say, *Believe in the 'Light, that you may be Children of 'the Light*; and bid them all, *Watch 'and Pray, lest they enter into the E-'nemies Temptations?* And how 'could they watch without Light? 'for they could not see the Tempter 'when he came in the Dark. Ah, 'that Scripture is fulfilled upon this 'People, *That Darkness should co-'ver the Earth, and gross Darkness 'the People*; and then *Night should 'be unto them, that they should not 'have Visions, and the Day shall be*

'Dark

'*Dark that you ſhall not Divine.* And 'this was *Egypt*'s Darkneſs; Ah! 'but the Children of *Iſrael* had Light 'in the Land of *Goſhen*: O extoled 'be thy Name thou God of Power; 'O, if thou wilt be pleaſed to reſtore 'me to my former Strength, O then 'I will ſpeak of thy wonderful Pow-'er; yea, my Voice ſhall be as the 'ſound of a Trumpet, which ſhall 'Convert Sinners unto thee; yea, 'I will ſit in the Duſt, and cover my 'Head with Aſhes, and put on Sack-'cloth within and without.

Then ſhe taking ſome-what to Drink, lay ſtill a little time after, but immediately broke forth with Joy in her Heart, making ſweet Melody to the Lord, and ſo lay half an hour ſinging unto Lord, but not uttering any Words; then ſhe broke forth into Praiſing and Magnifying his great Works.

'O that curſed Place, that Houſe 'of Abominations, that Play-Houſe, 'that abominable Houſe, where 'they commit their abominable 'Whoredoms; God will deſtroy it. Her Mother ſaid unto her, *What Houſe my dear Child?* ſhe anſwered, 'That '*Church*, as they call it, in *Covent-Gar-'den*, the Members thereof are Proud 'Perſons, and Covetous, and Deceit-'ful, Lyars, Drunkards and Whore-'mongers: Ah! my bleſſed Saviour 'ſaid, *We ſhould know them by their 'Fruits.* O theſe were my Curſed 'Fruits which I brought forth when 'I was a Hearer of that Church, 'Pride and Diſobedience to my Pa-'rents: How often have I adorned 'my ſelf as fine in their Faſhions as 'I could make me, yet they have 'looked upon me with Scorn, and 'deſpiſed my Dreſs, and ſaid unto me, *How like a Taudrey you have dreſt your ſelf? You are not at all in the Mode:*

'then

'then I came home on their Sabbath
'Day, and gone immediately up in-
'to my Chamber, and locked the
'Door, and altered all my Laces,
'and ſo I have gone to their Wor-
'ſhip in the Afternoon Dreſt in their
'Mode, and then I have pleaſed
'them. Pray my dear Mother call
'my Father, I have ſomething to
'ſay to him, I deſire my Body may
'not be laid in that abominable
'place, but among the People of the
'Lord called *Quakers*; for now I
'am a true *Quaker*, now I tremble
'before the Lord and his Holineſs;
'Come ye holy Prophets, who
'were *Quakers* and *Tremblers* at the
'Word of the Lord; come *Moſes*,
'*Jeremiah*; come holy *Habakkuk*,
'now I am one with thee, now my
'Belly Trembles, my Lips Quiver,
'and my Heart Drops, becauſe of
'the Lord, and the greatneſs of his
'Majeſty.

'O my Lord, yea my Lord; for
'ſo I can call thee, becauſe thou ru-
'leſt in me, and my Soul is ſubject
'to thee: But they have many Lords
'and many Gods; they have Gods
'of Silver, and Gods of Gold, the
'Work of their own Hands.

'O Lord, my Strength fails; my
'Father, my heavenly Father; I
'wait upon thee; renew my
'Strength, my holy Father; be
'pleaſed to reſtore me to my former
'Health; then I will wait diligent-
'ly upon thee, I will ſit on the
'Ground with my Head in the
'Dunghil, my Heart ſhall never go
'after the ſight of my Eyes. My
'dear Mother, pray for me; for
'whatſoever thou askeſt of the Lord
'it ſhall be given thee. The reaſon
'why I deſire to live is, *becauſe I*
'*have ſo greatly diſhonoured the Lord*
'*in my former Life, and now I would*
'*live the reſt of my time to his praiſe:*

'*For*

'*For now if I live, I shall be as one raiſ-*
'*ed from the Dead, to declare his Won-*
'*ders*: But what ſhall I ſay? Tho'
'one ſhould riſe from the Dead they
'would not believe.

She was exceedingly filled with the Indignation of the Lord againſt the Prieſts, and ſpoke very much againſt their Idle Practices and their Abominable Ways, which is not taken in Writing, but theſe Words the Maid Servant writ down as ſhe ſpoke them; ſhe cryed out aloud and ſaid, 'Father, O Father, theſe
'Prieſts that deceive the People
'they ſtudy all the Week what to
'ſay when *Sunday* cometh: O Fa-
'ther, but the day of the Lord is
'coming, that he will confound all
'their Study and all their Wiſdom,
'and in that day they ſhall not be
'heard for their much ſpeaking,
'they are Phyſitians of no Value.

'My dear Mother, I fear I ſhall
'not

'not have a place so near the Lord
'as my Soul desires; for I am sen-
'sible, *there are degrees of Glory, and*
'*as the Creature acts here for the Lord,*
'*so shall its Reward be hereafter*: I
'have done nothing for the Lord,
'but he hath done all for me, there-
'fore I desire to live, that I might
'live a Holy and Righteous Life,
'that my Conversation might be in
'Heaven, though my Body be here
'on the Earth, that I might invite
'all, as *David* did, *to taste and see*
'*how good the Lord is*: They have
'tasted of their perishing Life of *Va-*
'*nities*, yea they have drunk a full
'Cup, their Measure is running over;
'O, but they never tasted the Joys,
'the unspeakable Ravishments of
'Soul that attend the humble Holy
'Life of *Jesus*: Oh, if they had e-
'ver tasted the least Mite there-
'of, they would bid adue to all
'their dirty Life of Vanity; ah, they

'would

'would not dare to ſpend their pre-
'cious Time in adorning themſelves
'like *Jezabels*, Patching and Pain-
'ting, and Curling their Monſtrous
'Heads; but O the *Chriſtian Life* is
'another thing, they muſt not give
'themſelves the liberty to think
'their own Thoughts, much leſs
'to act ſuch Abominations as theſe.

After ſhe had lain a while Praiſ-ing and Magnifying the Lord, then ſhe ſpoke very deep and weighty things, which are not ſet down, concerning the *Wiſe Virgins* and their *Lamps burning*, and exhorted all to keep very diligently upon their Watch; for ſaid ſhe, 'The
'Lord will come as a Thief in the
'Night, and in a Day when he is
'not looked for; therefore Watch
'and Pray continually; here the
'Tempter cannot enter; this is the
'*way* my Saviour ſpake off, when
'he ſaid, *You muſt take up your daily*

'*Croſs*; this is that *Flaming Sword*,
'which is ſpoken of, you muſt *paſs*
'*through* mark that, you muſt *paſs*
'*through, it before you can come to the*
'*Tree of Life*; this is the *Cup* my Sa-
'viour asked if you could drink off;
'and this was that *Baptiſm* he asked
'if you could be *baptized* withal:
'Come all you that call your ſelves
'*Chriſtians*, what of the Life of Holy
'*Jeſus* is in you? who was a *Man of*
'*Sorrows*; you light and airy Ones,
'you wild and wanton Ones, you
'that are Lovers of Pleaſures more
'than God, you Workers of Iniquity
'who are always crying, *Lord, Lord,*
'*but do not the things that I ſay*, this
'ſhall be your dreadful Doom, that
'*you are SAYERS, but not DOERS*;
'you Workers of Iniquity, that
'think you can never have enough
'of the Pride of Life, the Luſt of
'the Fleſh, and the Luſt of the
'Eye, which is not of my heavenly
' Father;

'Father; and ſo *you are of your Father the Devil; for his Servants you are whom you obey.* At another time ſhe ſaid, 'I have heard them 'ſay, that *my Mother is ſo grounded 'in her Religion, that it is impoſſible 'ever to turn her.* My Mother is 'grounded indeed, ſhe is eſtabliſhed 'upon the Rock that ſhall never be 'moved; my Mother ſhall never 'be moved; her Name is written 'in Heaven; yea, in the Lamb's 'Book of Life; it is ſealed, it is ſealed, 'the Lord hath told me ſo, and bid 'me tell her, *There ſhould none be able 'to pluck her out of his Hand.*

'Come my bleſſed Mother, I have 'ſomething to ſay to thee, thou art '*Mary*, thou art *Mary*; my Mother, 'thou haſt choſen that good part 'which ſhall never be taken from 'thee; thou ſhalt ſit continually at 'the feet of thy Lord; Ay, this is 'my Mother's Portion; O what

Portion

'Portion is like this? this is more
'than to sit in the Thrones of Prin-
'ces.

'*Be ye holy as I the Lord your God*
'*am holy*; this they say is *Impossible*.
'O, would the holy, just and true
'Lord command that which is im-
'possible? In this they count the
'Lord a hard Master: O but what
'can my Soul say of thy Power,
'when I sought thee, but could not
'find thee, I knocked hard, but
'none would open? for my Sins
'stood like Mountains, that I could
'not come near thee, I would fain
'have prayed, but could not; I lay
'several days and nights prostrate
'before thee, strugling for Life, but
'could find none; and I said, *There*
'*is no Mercy for me*; then said I, *I*
'*will never leave thee*; *if I perish, I*
'*will perish here*; *I will never cease*
'*crying unto thee*: Then I heard a
'Voice say, *Jacob wrestled all night*

'*before*

'*before he obtained the bleſſing*: O 'then thy Word was ſtrength to 'my Soul; O then my ſtony Heart 'was broken to pieces before the 'Lord; and then the Spirit of Pray-'er and Supplication was poured 'into my Soul; and now I can 'ſing, as *David* did, of Mercy and 'Judgment; unto thee, O Lord, 'will I ſing; O with a rended 'Heart, and my Mouth in the Duſt 'will *I* ſing Praiſes unto thee my 'bleſſed Saviour. *&c.*

For ſeveral days ſhe had a very great conflict in Soul and Spirit concerning the Tempter; and ſtrong were her Cryes to the Lord for ſtrength to overcome the Enemy; ſhe was ſo deeply engaged in the holy War of the Lord againſt the Enemy, that ſhe would not ſuffer her Head to be removed from the Pillow, but ſaid, *It muſt be, as it were, nailed there till ſhe had overcome the Tempter;*

Tempter; she said, *I would not suffer a thought to wander, if I move I shall be drawn off my Watch, and then the Tempter will prevail*; then she had a Vision, and as it were the appearance of an Angel, giving us the full description thereof, which we have forgot, only that it was arrayed in *White*; she had also a Vision of the Tempter, which she said *stood before her bound in Chains*; then she said, *It is finished, I have overcome, my Saviour hath bound him*; then she broke forth into Blessing, and Praising, and Magnifying the Lord, that it is beyond the Tongue of Utterance to give a Relation thereof; for many Days and Nights together she would hardly suffer her self to Slumber, but would waken her self to sing Praises unto the Lord, and to declare of his wonderous Works that he hath done for her Soul.

Some

Some Friends came into the Room, but she saw them not, and after many sweet and precious Words, she said, 'Don't you Feast, 'but Fast; you are the People that 'must Fast and Pray; and be you 'contented with mean things; O 'what matter for fine Houses, or 'silken Apparel, O remember him 'that sate on the Ground, but wore 'a Garment without a Seam, our 'blessed holy Lord, who went up 'to the Mountain to Pray, that 'with-drew himself into Gardens 'and Desolate Places of the Earth, 'my Soul hath Fellowship with 'him. O my dear Mother, if it 'please our dear and heavenly Fa-'ther to spare me this time, we will 'get us into the Country to some 'little remote Place, amongst the 'Woods, where none can hear us: 'O then shall our Crys pierce thro' 'the Heavens, which shall make

'the

'the Earth to Ring, and the Birds 'shall hear the Eccho thereof: O, 'there, my bleſſed Mother, will we 'ſing Praiſes, Praiſes, Praiſes with 'rended Hearts, and our Mouthes 'in the Duſt, to the one holy, holy 'Lord. O thou Glorious One, thou 'haſt overcome my Heart, thou haſt 'raviſhed my Soul; O thou pure, 'pure holy One, what ſhall I ſay of 'thee? or what ſhall I render to 'thee, for thy loving-kindneſs to me? 'O my Heart is overcome with thy 'love, Praiſes be unto thee for thy lo-'ving-kindneſs to me. O how ſhall 'I do to ſet forth thy Goodneſs; 'for my Heart drops before thee?

'Lord, if it be thy holy Pleaſure 'to take me out of this Life, then 'let me have, I beſeech thee, one 'whole Day, that my Tongue may 'never ceaſe Praiſing thee. And the Lord anſwered her Requeſt.

All that Day ſhe was wonderfully

ly filled with the ſweet Solace of the heavenly Life, ſinging Praiſes and Hallelujahs to the Lord, and ſpoke very much concerning the Lamb and his Followers, which had waſhed their Robes and made them White in the Blood of the Lamb; and towards the evening, while the Power of the Lord was upon her, there came in two Perſons to ſee her, and ſhe uttered many precious heavenly Words, which were not taken in Writing at which time theſe Words were ſpoken by her, *O what matter for fine Houſes and ſilken Appearel*: and ſo went on above half an hour, and with a very great weight upon her Spirit, ſaying, *O* Iſrael, *what hath thy God done for thee*? & then uttering many deep & weighty Words, ſhe ſaid, *The Daughters of* Sion *are Haughty, they go with their out-ſtretched Necks, and their wanton Eyes*; uttering many more

more deep Words; then taking up an inward Lamentation, she said, *O what shall we do for the Daughters of* Jerusalem?

After several Days lying in the sweet Solace and heavenly Life of the Lord (in which time she uttered many heavenly things, which were not taken in Writing) she did express these Words, 'O thou Be-'loved of my Soul! what shall I 'say of thee? for thou art too won-'derful for me: O Praises be unto 'thee: O come all ye holy Prophets, 'praise you the Lord with me: O 'praise the Lord O my Soul, upon 'the loud-sounding Instrument; ye 'Glorious Angels, you that excel : in Glory, sing praises to him that : sits upon the Throne: O how am : I overcome! Ye Stones in the : Street why rise ye not up to praise : him that lives forever? O thou : Light, praise thou the Lord; and

: thou

: thou Darkneſs, praiſe and exalt : him above all things forever: O : thou Son and Moon, ye Stars in : the Firmament of his Power, magnifie the Lord above all forever: : O all ye Fiſhes in the Sea, why : come ye not forth to praiſe the : Lord, the mighty God, who gives : you Breath and Being? I will : praiſe thee my holy Lord God, : whileſt I have any Breath. O praiſe : the Lord O my Soul, ſing praiſes to : the God of my Salvation: O my : holy One, my holy One, thou : haſt overcome my Heart: Ah! : thou haſt raviſhed my Soul. My : dear Mother, I ſhall be as a new : born Babe; I ſhall be very ſimple; : but bear with me; for the Lord is : with me.

: My dear Mother, I muſt lay : down this Body, the Lord will : not truſt me longer in this *wicked* : *World*; happy am I, my Saviour,

: my

: my Soul loves thee dearly; thy : love is better then Wine; my : Saviour, my holy One; how Glo- : rious art thou? I have ſeen thy : Glory; I am overcome, my Heart : is overcome with thy ſweet Coun- : tenance: O how lovely art thou! : I am raviſhed, my Heart is ra- : viſhed with thy innocent looks, : with the ſweet ſmiles of thy glo- : rious Countenance: O come a- : way, come away; why doſt thou : ſtay? I am ready, I am ready.

Then lying ſome time very ſtill I heard her in a heavenly Harmony, in which frame of Spirit ſhe depart-ed without either Sigh or Groan.

Joan Whitrow *her Teſtimony concerning the Loving-kindneſs of the Lord.*

OH Lord! Did I ever ask Riches or Honour of thee? But I have asked Wiſdom and Underſtanding; for I

ſaid

ſaid in my Heart, *The Marchandiſe of that, is better than the Marchandiſe of Gold and Silver*; O Lord, thou art that Wiſdom my Soul asked, which cometh from above; that is firſt pure, and then holy, and thou art that Underſtanding my Heart ſought for, more than for hidden Treaſures; and did I ever ask Silver or Gold, or Houſes, or Lands, for my Childrens Portion? but I have asked the Fear of the Lord; for I know right-well, if they had that, they had all Treaſures: Ah! Glory, Glory, Glory be unto thee for what thou haſt given me; O my Soul doth magnifie the Lord, & my Spirit doth livingly rejoyce in the God of my Salvation, who hath had regard to the low Eſtate of his Hand-maid, Oh! what ſhall I render unto thee for all thy Mercies towards me? but to ſtand continually upon my Watch-Tower, and to keep in my Wards whole Nights, that when my Lord comes in the ſecond Watch, or in the third Watch, he may find me with my Loyns girded, and my Light burning, that ſo I may be ready in Body, Soul & Spirit, to enter into the Joy of my Lord. Oh my

Soul! what hath the Lord been to thee here? even a place of broad Rivers: O the Height and Length, & the Depth and Breadth of the Love of God to my Soul, in this State: Oh! how haſt thou come in and Supped with me, and cauſed me to eat of the Banket that thou hadſt prepared, and cauſed me to drink of the Wine of thy Kingdom; ſo that my Cup hath overflowed, as it doth at this time, in the remembrance of thy gracious Goodneſs, what thou haſt been to me in the day of Tryal, and in the many Tribulations, how thou didſt ſet my Feet upon a Rock, and didſt eſtabliſh my Goings, Praiſes be unto thee; and yet this was a ſmall thing of thy glorious Goodneſs, and bountiful Loving-kindneſs, but thou haſt alſo given my Children a Name amongſt the Living, and Crowned them with Eternal Life: Oh, Eternal Praiſes, and endleſs Hallelujahs be given unto thee, our everlaſting Father: Oh did I ever think in the day when thou led'ſt me down into the Deep, that I ſhould have thus beheld thy Wonders in this the day of thy mighty Power, wherein thou haſt returned me

the

the Answers of my Petitions, when I said unto thee, *Let my Children be thy Children, otherwise I desire none; for one Child in thy Fear, O Lord, is more to me, than a Thousand in the Spirit of this World:* Then did thy Presence over-shadow me, & my Soul was sweetly solaced in thy Love; Oh! then thou answered'st me and said *I will be a Father to thy Children, and a Husband unto thee.* Oh, thou Faithful One! who is a God like unto thee, keeping Covenant with them that Fear thee! for now thou hast performed thy Word unto thy Servant, Glory be to thee forever. Oh, thou Holy One! what hast thou done for me? no Heart can conceive, no Tongue can express the Riches of thy Love; for thou hast given me my Children again in the Resurrection of thy most holy Life, though their Tabernacle be gone to its place, yet they live with me in the Spirit, for our Communion is with the Holy One. And now, O Lord, what am I, or what is my Family, that thou shouldst shew this great Kindness to? not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto thy Name be the Praise; for what am I

that I should offer up an Offering unto the Lord? for out of the Willingness of my Heart have I offered my Children unto the Lord, although my Children were as dear to me as my Life, and I could have laid down my Life for theirs, if the Lord had required it; yet I durst not ask their Life of the Lord, although my dear Child so much desired it; but I said unto the Lord, *Glorifie thy Name, let thy Will be done in my Ea th, as it is in Heaven:* And now, O Lord, by thy Hand thou hast brought this to pass, and for the Exaltation of thy glorious Name, thou powerful God, art striking *D*read and Terror into the Hearts of thy Enemies; and all that will not bow to thee shall be slain before thee; for, O thou long-suffering God, how is the Throne of Iniquity established, and thou dispossessed of thy Princely *D*ominion, whose right it is to Reign in the Hearts of the Sons and *D*aughters of Men; but they have robbed thee of thy Right, and entertained thy Enemy in thy room; but now thou art come, now thy *D*ay is come thou so long spake of by the Mouth of thy holy Prophets, *That thou wilt dis-*

mount

mount the Man of Sin out of his Throne, and set thy Son upon thy holy Hill; yea the Mountain of the Lords House shall be established on the top of all Mountains; for thou hast determined to destroy all Iniquity, and to bring in Everlasting Righteousness, Amen, Amen, saith my Soul; a VIG ry, Glory, and Eternal Praises be given unto thee, thou King of Glory.

Joan Whitrow.

Concerning my dear Son JASON.

I Need not speak much; for most that knew him, did know what manner of Child he was; both in Person and Parts natural; therefore I shall only give a small Relation of some of the sensible Words that came from him before he fell sick, for the Satisfaction of some that desire it. Before he went to the *Latine School*, he was in a most sweet heavenly frame of Spirit, and had such a Zeal for Truth, that if any Lightness or Airyness did appear in any, at that time he was a continual Reprover of such; the precious Words that came from him at that time are past out of Mind; I writ down

down some of them, but they are lost, he delighted exceedingly to hear me rehearse the noble Acts of the Lord, and would be exceedingly broken; he would often pray when he was alone; he did earnestly desire his Father upon his Death-bed, *That he would let him go from him to the Wall, that he might pray to his God:* He desired much to converse with me concerning God and his Kingdom, and would ask me deep Questions, with such heavenly Expressions, to the Astonishment of the Hearers, that I have often said in my Heart, *This is the Inspiration of the Almighty that gives my Child this Understanding:* He loved the Lord and his People, and would often say, when he saw any that he thought were good Friends, *It made his Heart glad to see them:* He would often say, *If I live, I shall be a good* Quaker; *I shall go forth, and declare the Word of the Lord; I shall be a true Minister; I will not Preach for Hire; I will proclaim the dreadful Day of the Lord against the Wicked.* About three days before he fell sick, he said unto me, *Mother, the next time I go to the Tavern*

they

they will bid me preach a Sermon to them in Latine; then I will say unto them, I will preach you a Sermon in English; and they will bid me say on; then I will say, Wo to the proud Persons, Wo to the Scoffers, Wo to the Drunkards of *England*; Wo unto them that rise early to follow Drunkenness, and to them that continue until Night, till the Wine doth enflame them; you Workers of Iniqnity, what will you do in the dreadful Day of the Lord, that is coming upon *England?* for because you have wasted the good Creatures upon your Lust, the Lord will bring a Famine upon *England. Mother, sometimes I have such a Trouble in me, that I am not so good as I would be, that I play so much, and do not every thing as you would have me; I pray to the Lord, and I say,* Lord, destroy this wicked One in me, and put thy fear into my Heart, that I may never do any thing that shall displease thee; *yet for all this, the Devil will come in, and take my mind off the Lord; oh, then I am so troubled that I say,* Lord have Mercy upon me. The day before he fell sick, he did take me by the hand, and said, *Mother, I shall*

dye

dye, oh, that you might dye with me, that we might both go to the Lord together: Then I said, *my dear Child, why dost thou desire to dye?* He answered, *That I might be always with my dear Lord God, and out of this Wicked World.* When at any time he had seen me retired unto the Lord, he hath sate down by me, and would be mightily broken, and hath often said, weeping, *Oh that I did enjoy that that you enjoy Oh, that I did know what the Fear of the Lord was, that my Heart might be made glad, as yours is.* The Lord shewed me when he was three Years of Age, *he was his beloved Child, and he would take him;* and from that time I have expected his Death.

He departed this Life, not being Six Years and a half Old.

Joan Whitrow.

THE END.